

1/19/2/6 (5) 10/4

Hobart. 29 Jan'y 1891  
Thursday evening.

Dear old Kid,

What a summer! It is raining again - fine small rain from the SW, fit for July almost. Never a week yet of settled fine weather. Only here & there, now and then, we have a delicious day - or possibly two - to remind us what Summer ought to be in this sunny island of the South.

Last Monday was one of these days and I was lucky to have the full benefit of it. Stephens chartered the Pinafore (which has been sold by the Whatehouses) to take Professor Pitt-Cobbett - the Professor of Law at Sydney University, for a trip down the River. The whole party when we left the Wharf consisted of Stephens, Pitt-Cobbett, Dr Agnew &



myself. At Broir's River jetty  
we picked up the Stephens  
family who have been staying  
down there - under the tutelary  
guardianship of Miss Jarvis -  
Millie, Mary & Henry - also  
Mr & Mrs <sup>Miss Farr</sup> Geis, & a Mr & Mrs  
Anderson from India - Mrs A.  
a charming little woman. We  
then cruised down the shore  
nearly as far as Passage Point,  
examining the rocks & geological  
formation on the way, & about a  
mile from the Channel discovered  
a charming deep bay, with rocks  
& kelp & swirling waves, and  
surrounded by steep slopes of  
grass & gumtree broken by masses  
of cliff. It was most delightful  
quite hotos eating & we loafed  
about with great enjoyment.  
Jue Farr read the Lotos Eaters,  
& Pitt Cobbett a clever modern,  
a University Radical & Home  
Ruler talked with great animation,



rather shocked the Conservatives  
Stephen & Agnew. It was a  
beautiful time, basking in the  
mellow sunlight with the blue  
sea spread out before us &  
the distant Iron Pot & more  
distant Cape Raoul softened  
by the haze.

When we got home I had to  
dress & go to Barclays. A  
swell evening, with a sprinkling  
of the old friends he talked  
about - the Las & Chas Walches -  
Geo Saliers - Campbells &c &c.  
Most of them not mixing much  
with the new fashionable friends.  
At supper after the ladies had  
gone, old Las Walch by request  
proposed CIB's health - very  
appropriately, and CIB.

replied in terms which seemed  
rather to discompose some of  
the fashionables - Sygne - Paterson  
Gamb Butler &c. He quoted that

old saying of the Puritan 'There  
goes John Bradford, but for  
the grace of God', and ended  
by a quotation from Tennyson,  
referring to that place 'where  
beyond these voices there is  
peace'. It was odd as a crossing  
up of the old CIB we used  
to know, through the crust of  
his later surroundings.

On Wednesday was Regatta  
Day. I had intended to stay  
at home & sort papers, but Mr.  
Campbell made such a point  
of my going with them, that  
I thought I had better yield -  
even against my inclination.  
They had chartered the St.  
'Success' & we cruised about  
on the river all day, following  
most of the races & going up  
to Geilston (or Geinskilu) Bay  
for dinner &c. Besides the  
Campbells & Allports there were



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2/ Mrs R Scott, Frank & Lucy Hudspeth  
Hellie May Belstead, Minnie  
Davies, Nellie Dixon, Steney &  
Harry Chapman, a Miss Allen  
of Melbourne (sister of Prof.  
Allen of Melbourne, & who is  
staying at the Bank) & one  
or two more. It was a delightful  
day, tho windy. One sensation  
we had. One of the racing  
4 oared gigs, was swamped  
by the waves & we had to steam  
over & pick up the crew from  
the boat which was sinking  
under them. Both boat &  
crew were safely rescued &  
taken ashore.

Horry Campbell has had  
a bad illness after her  
diphtheria. that is, she has  
paralysis of the throat as a  
result. Can hardly speak  
& is nearly blind. The doctor  
said she must go away from  
the sea, & she has therefore



been sent away to the Base  
to stay with Louie Dixon  
at Bradwardine. The Dr.  
says that a few months  
inland will put her right,  
but I think she must be in  
rather a critical condition.

As to the Regatta it was  
a great success, the ground  
as viewed from the steamer  
was black with people, & there  
were scores & scores of tents  
dotted all along the shore -  
more than I ever saw before.  
The papers estimated more  
than 10,000 people - pretty  
well for a city under 30,000.  
I think there more a great deal  
than ever before.

Sarah leaves Melbourne on  
Friday & will be here on Sat.  
or Monday night. She has been  
staying with Poppy at Clare  
Bird's, & says she is just really  
beginning to enjoy Melbourne.



when it is time for her to come away.

Sunday evening - 1 Feby. I have been to church this evening! At the school this afternoon we had a 'novel sensation'. Capt. Castle of HMS 'Rapid' who has done a great deal of cruising among the W. Pacific Islands, gave an address to the school about the S. Sea Islands & what the Missionary Societies were doing. He is a little round man, but very sailorlike & as he brought down a lot of curios it was interesting. After school he went to Chalch's to tea & after tea we had an interesting talk with about the islands & then walked down to the boat with him, which brought Welch & me to the Church door just in time for service, so I went in.

I have just been talking to Harry & Katie who came in on their way to the Kangaroo Point steamer. He had a discussion on pronunciation. Katie says English people make a distinction in the pronunciation of 'horse' and 'hoarse' - 'course' & 'coarse'.

Harry denies it, but I think K. is right, though I certainly don't make any distinction myself.

Yesterday afternoon May Chalch's picnic came off. It was rather disastrous in consequence of the weather. He had the 'Result', leaving at 4 PM Sat. afternoon. There must have been 70 people on board. Chalch and all the cousins & relations to fourth generation - such as Spang, Perkinses, Saliers. &c. &c. Spike Bagly & miscellaneous men & girls - also a few quite 'Society' people - such as Mr & Mrs McLeod (Harry Bagly's) Miss Anderson &c. The direction was the destination. It had been beautifully fine in the morning - a lovely day - but about 3 there were two or three heavy showers & it looked very threatening.

When we got up to the Direction we had had a couple of small showers & it looked so heavy & threatening that it was decided to go back to Beltaua jitty - i.e. Lindisfarne Bay, where there is a shed which would serve for shelter if it rained. It was



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lucky that we did. By the time  
we had got everything landed  
at the jetty & the tea laid out.  
it was quite a gorgeous spread  
in the shed - & the people set  
down outside to begin tea,  
when the rain came down  
suddenly, in torrents & drove  
everyone into the shed. It was  
one of those settled heavy rains  
that one seems to associate with  
the evening of Regatta Day -  
a merciless rain without any  
hope of clearing up. Well, it  
was lucky that we had the shed,  
though, crowded as it was, it  
was a veritable Black Hole of  
Calcutta - not beyond anything.  
We got our tea somehow with  
the rain thundering on the iron  
roof. Poor Miss Walch looking  
very dismal, & May with  
disgust & mortification in her  
heart, you may be sure. However  
every one made the best of it &  
agreed that it would have been  
worse if we had been sitting  
out on wet grass at the foot  
of Mount Direction. It kept



on a steady down pour until  
the feeding was over & everything  
packed, & then it fortunately  
left off, and we shipped on  
board & got nearly to the  
wharf before it came on again.  
By the time we got to O'May's  
wharf, it was coming down in  
sheets & everyone must have  
got drenched going home, except  
those who got cabs. In spite  
of it all, however, I believe the  
younger people enjoyed it, tho'  
I was very sorry for Hill & May.  
It was so perverse of the weather  
to change just at that time &  
nearly drown their guests.  
Liz & I had to rush off through  
the deluge to the Station to  
meet the train for Lah.  
We were pretty well wet thro'  
when we got there & then found  
that the express hadn't brought  
the steamer passengers, who were  
coming on by a Special to arrive  
about 10:30. However, Kattie  
& Jean had come from the East



Coast with Jack & Minna Bald,  
we had to wait half an hour  
before we got a cab. There was  
such a big crowd in the train.  
I was going to say hundreds  
of people. I sent Liz up with  
them in the cab & then went  
up to the Altneuhaus to wait  
for the Special. On my way  
down in the wet I overtook  
the old Bishop, who was in  
a similar fix to myself,  
having to meet some Bishops  
who are coming to the laying  
of the Chancel foundation  
stone. (If he hadn't been a  
Bishop I know he would have  
been swearing) & then when we  
got to the station there was  
the melancholy Gort House  
Robinson in a similar plight.  
The train didn't get in until  
11, & as there were few cabs,  
after an altercation with  
a cheeky cabbie who said  
he would only take a short fare,

& whom I at once declined  
to have anything to do with,  
after giving him a piece of  
my mind. We left the luggage,  
& Jack & I walked home,  
with the consolation in our  
hearts that we had saved  
four or five shillings.

Sab looks flourishing &  
has enjoyed herself. Especially  
while she has been at Clare  
Bird's. Of course it was more  
exciting than being away  
but at Hawthorn, though the  
Reynolds did all they could  
to make her happy.

This morning was miserably  
wet, but it is clearing up  
now, with only showers at  
intervals & perhaps we shall  
have a fine day tomorrow.  
Jeresa has an evening reception  
tomorrow (Monday).

I must tell you Mrs. Tyslie's  
last. You know they let the  
Admiral have their house.



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4/ entertain the Federal Council,  
who met here the week before  
last, and yesterday a  
sort of supplementary one.  
None of us were asked to  
either. Everyone praised  
the style in which that of  
last Saturday was done,  
though as the Country will  
have to pay for it, I don't see  
that it says anything for the  
Premier's liberality. (I would  
do it as well myself on the  
same terms of some one else  
paying for it) Yesterday  
it rained hard from the time  
they got up to Rushey Park,  
& the people were half-drowned  
getting back to the train.

I have just been up to the  
Mother to ask her what message  
she has for you. She says  
'Only my dear love, & tell her  
I would write to her if I could'



The day the Admiral & his wife  
were to arrive, Mrs Fyfe got  
up about 6:30 & worked hard  
all day getting everything in  
order. She had nothing but  
some biscuits to eat, & when  
the distinguished people  
arrived towards evening,  
poor Mrs F. was quite worn out  
& nearly expiring. The Admiral  
expressed his thanks for the  
trouble she had taken, & said  
he was afraid she must be  
very tired. Mrs F. replied that  
she wasn't at all tired.

She told all this to Annie  
Allport & concluded thus -  
"The Lord forgive me for lying!  
I had a thirst on me I couldn't  
have sold for £5; and a  
pair of legs I'd have given  
away to anybody." So you  
will see that Mrs F. is still  
her old self. By the way they  
had a Ministerial picnic  
to Glenora last Saturday to



The train was so late last night that the letters weren't delivered. We are looking for your letter in the morning, to hear the result of the competition. I suppose it will be written from Mr. Maiv. I hope when in London you will have sent some studies for us. All your friends here want to see some signs of your progress. How is Herbert Smith? I haven't heard from him for a long time. I am afraid the cold weather will be hard on Mrs. Meredith. It is lucky she is in one of the warmer parts of the country.

If you search the 'Mail' you will find in Alix's letter some allusion to Miss Piper's engagement. She was so angry that she sent an advertisement to the paper expressing her indignation at the unpertinence.

Alix is variously attributed to Lucy Hudspeeth, Emily Dickson, Mrs. Jameson & others. There was a row over it at the Goot Ho Literary the other day, Teresa expressing herself that if she knew who the author was she would take care that she never came inside Goot Ho doors again. I must say that both Syux & Alix are disgustingly impudent in their personal allusions to private people.

Millie Campbell has been ill in bed ever since Ryatta day, but is now getting better.

Don't forget "Colliers Landing".

It is past 11 & I am going to bed. I must reform. I am getting as bad as you as to sleeping. Have you tried the 'dream' plan? I find it very good often. You ought to read a bit of a novel before going to bed, & take care not to be late.

Blessym, my child - Yrs ever  
Mr.